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LONDON VOLUNTARIES

THE SONG OF THE SWORD

AND OTHER VERSES



L O N D O N
V O L U N T A R I E S

THE SONG OF THE SWORD

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

W. E. HENLEY



LONDON

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in the Strand

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To R. T. Hamilton-Bruce

Edinburgh, Mar. 17, 1892.

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LONDON
VOLUNTARIES

(To Charles Whibley)

I

Andante con moto

FORTH from the dust and din,
The crush, the heat, the many-spotted glare,
The odour and sense of life and lust aflare,
The wrangle and jangle of unrests,
Let us take horse, dear heart, take horse and
win—

As from swart August to the green lap of May—
To quietness and the fresh and fragrant breasts
Of the still, delicious night, not yet aware
In any of her innumerable nests
Of that first sudden splash of dawn,
Clear, sapphirine, luminous, large,
Which tells that soon the flowing springs of day

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

In deep and ever deeper eddies drawn
Forward and up, in wider and wider way
Shall float the sands and brim the shores
On this our haunch of Earth, as round she roars
And spins into the outlook of the Sun
(The Lord's first gift, the Lord's especial charge),
With light, with living light, from marge to
 marge
Until the course He set and staked be run.

Through street and square, through square and
 street,
Each with his home-grown quality of dark
And violated silence, loud and fleet,
Waylaid by a merry ghost at every lamp,
The hansom wheels and plunges. Hark, O hark,
Sweet, how the old mare's bit and chain

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Ring back a rough refrain
Upon the marked and cheerful tramp
Of her four shoes ! Here is the Park,
And O the languid midsummer wafts adust
The tired midsummer blooms !
O the mysterious distances, the glooms
Romantic, the august
And solemn shapes ! At night this City of
Trees
Turns to a tryst of vague and strange
And monstrous Majesties,
Let loose from some dim underworld to range
These terrene vistas till their twilight sets :
When, dispossessed of wonderfulness, they stand
Beggared and common, plain to all the land
For stooks of leaves ! And lo ! the wizard Hour
His silent, shining sorcery winged with power !
Still, still the streets, between their carcanets

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Of linking gold, are avenues of sleep.
But see how gable ends and parapets
In gradual beauty and significance
Emerge ! And did you hear
That little twitter-and-cheep,
Breaking inordinately loud and clear
On this still, spectral, exquisite atmosphere ?
'Tis a first nest at matins ! And behold
A rakehell cat—how furtive and acold !
A spent witch homing from some infamous
dance—
Obscene, quick-trotting, see her tip and fade
Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade !
And now ! a little wind and shy,
The smell of ships (that earnest of romance),
A sense of space and water, and thereby
A lamplit bridge ouching the troubled sky,
And look, O look ! a tangle of silver gleams

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

And dusky lights, our River and all his dreams,
His dreams that never save in our deaths can die.

What miracle is happening in the air,
Charging the very texture of the gray
With something luminous and rare?
The night goes out like an ill-parcelled fire,
And, as one lights a candle, it is day.
The extinguisher that perks it like a spire
On the little formal church is not yet green
Across the water: but the house-tops nigher,
The corner-lines, the chimneys—look how clean,
How new, how naked! See the batch of boats,
Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-sprung
beam!

And those are barges that were goblin floats,
Black, hag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!
And in the piles the water frolics clear,

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
And we—we can behold that could but hear
The ancient River singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.
The gas burns lank and jaded in its glass :
The old Ruffian soon shall yawn himself awake,
And light his pipe, and shoulder his tools, and take
His hobnailed way to work !

Let us too pass :

Through these long blindfold rows
Of casements staring blind to right and left,
Each with his gaze turned inward on some piece
Of life in death's own likeness—Life bereft
Of living looks as by the Great Release
(Perchance of shadow-shapes from shadow-shows),
Whose upsnot all men know yet no man knows.

Reach upon reach of burial—so they feel,

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

These colonies of dreams ! And as we steal
Homeward together, but for the buxom breeze
Fitfully frolicking to heel
With news of dawn-drenched woods and tumbling
 seas,
We might — thus awed, thus lonely that we
 are—
Be wandering some depopulated star,
Some world of memories and unbroken graves,
So broods the abounding Silence near and far
Till even your footfall craves
Forgiveness of the majesty it braves.

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

II

Scherzando

Down through the ancient Strand
The Spirit of October, mild and boon
And sauntering, takes his way
This golden end of afternoon,
As though the corn stood yellow in all the land
And the ripe apples dropped to the harvest-moon.

Lo ! the round sun, half down the western slope—
Seen as along an unglazed telescope—
Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with day :
Gifting the long, lean, lanky street
And its abounding confluences of being
With aspects generous and bland ;
Making a thousand harnesses to shine

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

As with new ore from some enchanted mine,
And every horse's coat so full of sheen
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels clean,
And never a hansom but is worth the feeing ;
And every jeweller within the pale
Offers a real Arabian Night for sale ;
And even the roar
Of the strong streams of toil that pause and pour
Eastward and westward sounds suffused—
Seems as it were bemused
And blurred and like the speech
Of lazy seas on a lotus-eating beach—
With this enchanted lustrousness,
This mellow magic, that as a man's caress
Brings back to some faded face beloved before
A heavenly shadow of the grace it wore
Ere the poor eyes were minded to beseech)
Old things transfigures, and you hail and bless

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Their looks of long-lapsed loveliness once more.
Till Clement's, angular and cold and staid,
Glimmers in glamour's very stuffs arrayed ;
And Bride's, her æry, unsubstantial charm,
Through flight on flight of springing, soaring stone
Grown flushed and warm,
Laughs into life high-mooded and fresh-blown ;
And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can be !

For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.
Trafalgar Square
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Gleams like an angel-market. High aloft
Over his couchant Lions in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
A dust of chrysoprase,
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.
The dingy dreariness of the picture-place,
Turned very nearly bright,
Takes on a luminous transiency of grace,
And shows no more a scandal to the ground.
The very blind man pottering on the kerb,
Among the posies and the ostrich feathers
And the rude voices touched with all the weathers
Of the long, varying year,
Shares in the universal alms of light.
The windows, with their fleeting, flickering fires,
The height and spread of frontage shining sheer,

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

The quiring signs, the rejoicing roofs and
spires—

'Tis El Dorado—El Dorado plain,
The Golden City ! And when a girl goes by,
Look ! as she turns her glancing head,
A call of gold is floated from her ear !
Golden, all golden ! In a golden glory,
Long lapsing down a golden coasted sky,
The day not dies but seems
Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed
Upon a past of golden song and story
And memories of gold and golden dreams.

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

III

Largo e mesto

Out of the poisonous East,
Over a continent of blight,
Like a maleficent Influence released
From the most squalid cellarage of hell,
The Wind-Fiend, the abominable—
The hangman wind that tortures temper and
 light—
Comes slouching, sullen and obscene,
Hard on the skirts of the embittered night :
And in a cloud unclean
Of excremental humours, roused to strife
By the operation of some ruinous change
Wherever his evil mandate run and range
Into a dire intensity of life,

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

A craftsman at his bench, he settles down
To the grim job of throttling London Town.

And, by a jealous lightlessness beset
That might have oppressed the dragons of old
time

Crunching and groping in the abysmal slime,
A cave of cut-throat thoughts and villainous
dreams,

Hag-rid and crying with cold and dirt and wet,
The afflicted city, prone from mark to mark
In shameful occultation, seems

A nightmare labyrinthine, dim and drifting,
With wavering gulfs and antic heights and shifting
Rent in the stuff of a material dark

Wherein the lamplight, scattered and sick and pale,
Shows like the leper's living blotch of bale :
Uncoiling monstrous into street on street

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Paven with perils, teeming with mischance,
Where man and beast go blindfold and in dread,
Working with oaths and threats and faltering feet
Somewhither in the hideousness ahead ;
Working through wicked airs and deadly dews
That make the laden robber grin askance
At the good places in his black romance,
And the poor, loitering harlot rather choose
Go pinched and pined to bed
Than lurk and shiver and curse her wretched way
From arch to arch, scouting some threepenny prey.

Forgot his dawns and far-flushed afterglows,
His green garlands and windy eyots forgot,
The old Father-River flows,
His watchfires cores of menace in the gloom,
As he came oozing from the Pit, and bore,
Sunk in his filthily transfigured sides,

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Shoals of dishonoured dead to tumble and rot
In the squalor of the universal shore :
His voices sounding through the gruesome air
As from the ferry where the Boat of Doom
With her blaspheming cargo reels and rides :
The while his children, the brave ships,
No more adventurous and fair,
Nor tripping it light of heel as home-bound
 brides,
But infamously enchanted,
Huddle together in the foul eclipse,
Or feel their course by inches desperately,
As through a tangle of alleys murder-haunted,
From sinister reach to reach out—out—to sea.

And Death the while—
Death with his well-worn, lean, professional smile,
Death in his threadbare working trim—

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Comes to your bedside, unannounced and bland,
And with expert, inevitable hand
Feels at your windpipe, fingers you in the lung,
Or flicks the clot well into the labouring heart :
Thus signifying unto old and young,
However hard of mouth or wild of whim,
'Tis time—'tis time by his ancient watch—to part
With books and women and talk and drink and
art :

And you go humbly after him
To a mean suburban lodging : on the way
To what or where
Not Death, who is old and very wise, can say :
And you—how should you care
So long as, unreclaimed of hell,
The Wind-Fiend, the insufferable,
Thus vicious and thus patient sits him down
To the black job of burking London Town ?

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

IV

Allegro maestoso

SPRING winds that blow
As over leagues of myrtle-blooms and may ;
Bevies of spring clouds trooping slow,
Like matrons heavy-bosomed and aglow
With the mild and placid pride of increase ! Nay,
What makes this insolent and comely stream
Of appetite, this freshet of desire
(Milk from the wild breasts of the wilful Day !),
Down Piccadilly dance and murmur and gleam
In genial wave on wave and gyre on gyre ?
Why does that nymph unparalleled splash and
 churn
The wealth of her enchanted urn
Till, over-billowing all between

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Her cheerful margents grey and living green,
It floats and wanders, glittering and fleeing,
An estuary of the joy of being?

Why should the buxom leafage of the Park
Touch to an ecstasy the act of seeing?

—Sure, sure my paramour, my bride of brides,
Lingering and flushed, mysteriously abides
In some dim, eye-proof angle of odorous dark,
Some smiling nook of green-and-golden shade.
In the divine conviction robed and crowned
The globe fulfils his immemorial round
But as the marrying-place of all things made!

There is no man, this deifying day,
But feels the primal blessing in his blood.
The sacred impulse of the May
Brightening like sex made sunshine through her
veins,

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

There is no woman but disdains
To veil the ensigns of her womanhood.
None but, rejoicing, flaunts them as she goes,
Bounteous in looks of her delicious best,
On her inviolable quest :
These with their hopes, with their sweet secrets
 those,
But all desirable and frankly fair,
As each were keeping some most prosperous tryst,
And in the knowledge went imparadised.
For look ! a magical influence everywhere,
Look how the liberal and transfiguring air
Washes this inn of memorable meetings,
This centre of ravishments and gracious greetings,
Till, through its jocund loveliness of length
A tidal-race of lust from shore to shore,
A brimming reach of beauty met with strength,
It shines and sounds like some miraculous dream,

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Some vision multitudinous and agleam,
Of happiness as it shall be evermore !

Praise God for giving
Through this His messenger among the days
His word the life He gave is thrice-worth living !
For Pan, the bountiful, imperious Pan—
Not dead, not dead, as dreamers feigned,
But the gay genius of a million Mays
Renewing his beneficent endeavour !—
Still reigns and triumphs, as he hath triumphed
and reigned

Since in the dim blue dawn of time
The universal ebb-and-flow began,
To sound his ancient music, and prevails
By the persuasion of his mighty rhyme
Here in this radiant and immortal street
Lavishly and omnipotently as ever

LONDON VOLUNTARIES

In the open hills, the undissembling dales,
The laughing-places of the juvenile earth.
For lo ! the wills of man and woman meet,
Meet and are moved, each unto each endeared
As once in Eden's prodigal bowers befell,
To share his shameless, elemental mirth
In one great act of faith, while deep and strong,
Incomparably nerved and cheered,
The enormous heart of London joys to beat
To the measures of his rough, majestic song :
The lewd, perennial, overmastering spell
That keeps the rolling universe ensphered
And life and all for which life lives to long
Wanton and wondrous and for ever well.

THE SONG
OF THE SWORD

(To Rudyard Kipling)

The Sword

Singing—

*The voice of the Sword from the heart
of the Sword*

Clanging imperious

Forth from Time's battlements

His ancient and triumphing Song.

In the beginning,

Ere God inspired Himself

Into the clay thing

Thumb'd to His image,

The vacant, the naked shell

Soon to be Man :

THE SONG OF

Thoughtful He pondered it,
Prone there and impotent,
Fragile, inviting
Attack and discomfiture :
Then, with a smile—
As He heard in the Thunder
That laughed over Eden
The voice of the Trumpet,
The iron Beneficence,
Calling His dooms
To the Winds of the world—
Stooping, He drew
On the sand with His finger
A shape for a sign
Of His way to the eyes
That in wonder should waken,
For a proof of His will
To the breaking intelligence :

THE SWORD

That was the birth of me :

I am the Sword.

Bleak and lean, gray and cruel,

Short-hilted, long-shafted,

I froze into steel :

And the blood of my elder,

His hand on the hafts of me,

Sprang like a wave

In the wind, as the sense

Of his strength grew to ecstasy ;

Glowed like a coal

In the throat of the furnace,

As he knew me and named me

The War-Thing, the Comrade,

Father of honour

And giver of kingship,

The fame-smith, the song-master,

THE SONG OF

Bringer of women
On fire at his hands
For the pride of fulfilment,
Priest (saith the Lord)
Of his marriage with victory.
Ho ! then, the Trumpet,
Handmaid of heroes,
Calling the peers
To the place of espousals !
Ho ! then, the splendour
And sheen of my ministry,
Clothing the earth
With a livery of lightnings !
Ho ! then, the music
Of battles in onset
And ruining armours
And God's gift returning
In fury to God !

THE SWORD

Thrilling and keen
As the song of the winter stars,
Ho! then, the sound
Of my voice, the implacable
Angel of Destiny!—
I am the Sword.

Heroes, my children,
Follow, O follow me,
Follow, exulting
In the great light that breaks
From the sacred Companionship:
Thrust through the fatuous,
Thrust through the fungous brood
Spawned in my shadow
And gross with my gift!
Thrust through, and hearken,
O hark, to the Trumpet,

THE SONG OF

The Virgin of Battles,
Calling, still calling you
Into the Presence,
Sons of the Judgment,
Pure wafts of the Will !
Edged to annihilate,
Hilted with government,
Follow, O follow me
Till the waste places
All the gray globe over
Ooze, as the honeycomb
Drips, with the sweetness
Distilled of my strength :
And, teeming in peace
Through the wrath of my coming,
They give back in beauty
The dread and the anguish
They had of me visitant !

THE SWORD

Follow, O follow, then,
Heroes, my harvesters !
Where the tall grain is ripe
Thrust in your sickles :
Stripped and adust
In a stubble of empire,
Scything and binding
The full sheaves of sovranity :
Thus, O thus gloriously,
Shall you fulfil yourselves :
Thus, O thus mightily,
Show yourselves sons of mine—
Yea, and win grace of me :
I am the Sword.

I am the feast-maker :
Hark, through a noise
Of the screaming of eagles,

THE SONG OF

Hark how the Trumpet,
The mistress of mistresses,
Calls, silver-throated
And stern, where the tables
Are spread, and the work
Of the Lord is in hand !
Driving the darkness,
Even as the banners
And spears of the Morning ;
Sifting the nations,
The slag from the metal,
The waste and the weak
From the fit and the strong ;
Fighting the brute,
The abysmal Fecundity ;
Checking the gross,
Multitudinous blunders,
The groping, the purblind

THE SWORD

Excesses in service
Of the Womb universal,
The absolute Drudge ;
Changing the charactry
Carved on the World,
The miraculous gem
In the seal-ring that burns
On the hand of the Master—
Yea ! and authority
Flames through the dim,
Unappeasable Grisliness
Prone down the nethermost
Chasms of the Void ;
Clear singing, clean slicing ;
Sweet spoken, soft finishing ;
Making death beautiful,
Life but a coin
To be staked in the pastime

THE SONG OF THE SWORD

Whose playing is more
Than the transfer of being ;
Arch-anarch, chief builder,
Prince and evangelist,
I am the Will of God :
I am the Sword.

The Sword

Singing—

*The voice of the Sword from the heart
of the Sword*

Clanging majestic,

As from the starry-staired

Courts of the primal Supremacy,

His high, irresistible song.

ARABIAN NIGHTS'
ENTERTAINMENTS

(To Elizabeth Robins Pennell)

'O mes chères *Mille et Une Nuits*,'—*Fantasio*.

ONCE on a time
There was a little boy : a master-mage
By virtue of a Book
Of magic—O so magical it filled
His life with visionary pomps
Processional ! And Powers
Passed with him where he passed. And Thrones
And Dominations, glaived and plumed and mailed,
Thronged in the criss-cross streets,
The palaces pell-mell with playing-fields,
Domes, cloisters, dungeons, caverns, tents, arcades,
Of the unseen, silent City, in his soul
Pavilioned jealously and hid

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

As in the dusk, profound,
Green stillnesses of some enchanted mere.— — —

I shut mine eyes. . . . And lo !
A flickering snatch of memory that floats
Upon the face of a pool of darkness five
And thirty dead years deep,
Antic in girlish broideries
And skirts and silly shoes with straps
And a broad-ribanded leghorn, he walks
Plain in the shadow of a church
(St. Michael's : in whose brazen call
To curfew his first wails of wrath were whelmed)
Sedate for all his haste
To be at home ; and, nestled in his arm,
Inciting still to quiet and solitude,
Boarded in sober drab,
With small, square, agitating cuts

ENTERTAINMENTS

Let in atop of the double-columned, close,
Quakerlike print, a Book ! . . .
What but that blessèd brief
Of what is gallantest and best
In all the full-shelved Libraries of Romance ?
The Book of rocs,
Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
Cream-tarts, and lettered apes, and calenders,
And ghouls, and genies—O so huge
They might have overed the tall Minster
Tower
Hands down, as schoolboys take a post !
In truth, the Book of Camaralzaman,
Schemselnihar and Sindbad, Scheherezade
The peerless, Bedreddin, Badroulbadoir,
Cairo and Serendib and Candahar,
And Caspian, and the haunted bulk—
Ice-ribbed, tremendous, inaccessible—

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

Of Kaf! . . . That centre of miracles,
The sole, unparalleled Arabian Nights!

Old friends I had a-many—kindly and grim
Familiars, cronies quaint
And goblin! Never a Wood but housed
Some morrice of dainty dapperlings: no Brook
But had his nunnery
Of green-haired, silvry-curving sprites
To cabin in his grots and pace
His liled margents: every lone hillside
Might open upon Elf-Land: every Stalk
That curled about a Beanstick was of the breed
Of that live ladder by whose delicate rungs
You climbed beyond the clouds, and found
The Farm-House where the Ogre, gorged
And drowsy, from his great oak chair,
Among the fitches and pewters at the fire,

ENTERTAINMENTS

Called for his Faëry Harp that came
And, perching on the kitchen table, sang
Jocund and jubilant, with a sound
Of those gay, golden-vowelled madrigals
The shy thrush at mid-May
Flutes from wet orchards flushed with the
triumphing dawn,
With blackbirds rioting as they listened still
In old-world woodlands rapt with an old-world
spring
For Pan's own whistle, savage and rich and lewd,
And mocked him call for call.

I could not pass
The half-door where the cobbler sat in view
Nor figure me the wizen Leprechaun
In square-cut, faded reds and buckle-shoes
Bent at his work in the hedge-side, and know
Just how he tapped his brogue, and twitched

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

His wax-end this and that way, both with wrists
And elbows. In the rich June fields,
Where the ripe clover drew the bees,
And the tall quakers trembled, and the West

Wind

Lolled his half-holiday away beside
Me idling down my own,
'Twas good to follow the Miller's Youngest

Son

On his white horse along the leafy lanes ;
For at his stirrup linked and ran,
Not cynical and trapesing, as he lounged
From wall to wall above the espaliers,
But in the bravest tops
That market-town, a town of tops, could show,
Bold, subtle, adventurous, his tail
A banner flaunted in disdain
Of human stratagems and shifts,

ENTERTAINMENTS

King over All the Catlands, present and past
And future, that moustached
Artificer of fortunes, Puss in Boots.
Or Bluebeard's Closet, with its plenishing
Of meat-hooks, sawdust, blood,
And wives that hung like fresh-dressed carcasses—
Odd-fangled, most a butcher's, part
A faëry chamber hazily seen
And hazily figured—on dark afternoons
And windy nights was visiting of the best.
Then, too, the pelt of hoofs
Out in the roaring darkness told
Of Herne the Hunter in his antlered helm
Galloping as with despatches from the Pit
Between his hell-born Hounds.
And Rip Van Winkle . . . often I lurked to hear
Outside the long, low timbered wall,
The mutter and rumble of the trolling bowls

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

Down the lean plank before they fluttered the
pins :

For, listening so, myself could help him play
His wonderful game

With Hendrik Hudson deep in those haunted
hills.

But what were these so near,
So neighbourly fancies to the spell that brought
The run of Ali Baba's Cave

Just for the saying 'Open Sesame,'

With gold to measure, peck by peck,

In round, brown wooden stoups

You borrowed at the Chandler's? . . . Or one
time

Made you Aladdin's friend at school

Free of his Garden of Jewels, Ring and Lamp

In perfect trim? . . . Or Ladies fair,

ENTERTAINMENTS

But their white bosoms seamed with embrown-
ing scars,
Went labouring under some dread ordinance
Which made them whip, and bitterly cry the
while,
Strange Curs that wept as they,
Till there was never a Black Bitch of all
Your consorting but might have gone
Spell-driven miserably for crimes
Done in the pride of womanhood and desire . . .
Or at the ghostliest altitudes of night,
While you lay wondering and acold,
Your sense was fearfully purged, and soon
Queen Labe, abominable and dear,
Rose from your side, opened the Box of Doom,
Scattered the yellow powder (which I saw
Like sulphur at the Docks in bulk)
And muttered certain words you could not hear ;

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

And there ! a living stream,
The brook you bathed in, with its weeds and flags
And cresses, glittered and sang
Out of the hearthrug over the nakedness
Well-scrubbed and decent of your bedroom
floor ! . . .

I was—how many a time !—
That Second Calender, Son of a King,
On whom 'twas vehemently enjoined,
Pausing at one mysterious door,
To pry no closer but content his soul
With his kind Forty. Yet I could not rest
For idleness and ungovernable Fate.
And the Black Horse, who fed on sesame
(That wonder-working word !),
Took me upon his back, and spread his vaus,
And soaring, soaring on

ENTERTAINMENTS

From air to air, came charging to the ground
Sheer, like a lark from the midsummer clouds,
And, shaking me out of the saddle, where I
sprawled

Flicked at me with his tail
And left me blinded, miserable, distraught
(Even as I was in deed
When doctors came and odious things were done
On my poor tortured eyes
With lancets, or some evil acid stung
And wrung them like hot sand,
And desperately from room to room
Fumble I must my dark, disconsolate way)
To get to Bagdad how I might. But there
I met with Merry Ladies. O you three—
Safie, Amine, Zobeïde—when my heart
Forgets you all shall be forgot !
And so we supped, we and the rest,

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

On wine and roasted lamb, rose-water, dates,
Almonds, pistachios, citrons. And Haroun
Laughed out of his lordly beard
On Giaffar and Mesrour (I knew the Three
For all their Mossoul habits !). And outside
The Tigris, flowing swift
Like Severn bend for bend, twinkled and gleamed
With broken and wavering shapes of stranger
stars :
The vast blue night
Was murmurous with peris' plumes
And the leathern wings of genies : words of
power
Were whispering : and old fishermen,
Casting their nets with prayer, might draw to
shore
Dead loveliness ; or a prodigy in scales
Worth in the Caliph's Kitchen pieces of gold ;

ENTERTAINMENTS

Or copper vessels stopped with lead
Wherein some Squire of Eblis watched and railed,
In durance under the potent charactry
Graved by the seal of Solomon the King. . . .

Then, as the Book was glassed
In Life as in some olden mirror's quaint,
Bewildering angles, so would Life
Flash light on light back on the Book : and both
Were changed. Once in a house decayed
From better days, harbouring an errant show
(For all its stories of dry-rot
Were filled with gruesome visitants in wax,
Inhuman, hushed, ghastly with Painted Eyes),
I wandered ; and no living soul
Was nearer than the pay-box ; and I stared
Upon them staring—staring. Till at last,
Three sets of rafters from the streets,

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

I strayed upon a mildewed, rat-run room
With the two Dancers, horrible and obscene,
Guarding the door: and there, in a bedroom-set,
Behind a fence of faded crimson cords,
With an aspect of frills
And dimities and dishonoured privacy
That made you hanker and hesitate to look,
A Woman with her litter of Babes—all slain,
All in their nightgowns, all with Painted Eyes
Staring—still staring; so that I turned and ran
As for my neck. The same, it seemed,
And yet not all the same, I was to find,
As I went up. For afterward
Whenas I went my round alone—
All day alone—in long, stern, silent streets,
Where I might stretch my hand and take
Whatever I would: still there were Shapes of
Stone,

ENTERTAINMENTS

Motionless, lifelike, frightening—for the Wrath
Had smitten them ; but they watched,
This by her melons and figs, that by his rings
And chains and watches, with the hideous gaze,
The Painted Eyes insufferable,
Now, of those grisly images ; and I
Pursued my best-belovèd quest
Thrilled with a novel and delicious fear.
So the night fell—with never a lamplighter ;
And through the Palace of the King
I groped among the echoes, and I felt
That they were there,
Dreadfully there, the Painted staring Eyes,
Hall after hall . . . Till lo ! from far
A Voice ! And in a little while
Two tapers burning ! And the Voice
Heard in the wondrous Word of God was—whose ?
Whose but Zobeïde's,

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

The lady of my heart, like me
A True Believer, and like me
An outcast leagues and leagues beyond the
pale! . . .

Or, sailing to the Isles
Of Khaledan, I spied one evenfall
A black blotch in the sunset ; and it grew
Swiftly . . . and grew. Tearing their beards,
The sailors wept and prayed ; but the grave ship,
Deep-laden with spiceries and pearls, went mad,
Wrenched the long tiller out of the steersman's
hand,
And, turning broadside on,
As the most iron would, was haled and sucked
Nearer, and nearer yet ;
And, all awash, with horrible lurching leaps
Rushed at that Portent, casting a shadow now

ENTERTAINMENTS

That swallowed sea and sky ; and then
Anchors and nails and bolts
Flew screaming out of her, and with clang on
 clang,
A noise of fifty stithies, caught at the sides
Of the Magnetic Mountain ; and she lay,
A broken bundle of firewood, strown piecemeal
About the waters ; and her crew
Passed shrieking, one by one ; and I was left
To drown. All the long night I swam ;
But in the morning, O the smiling coast
Tufted with date-trees, meadowlike,
Skirted with shelving sands ! And a great
 wave
Cast me ashore ; and I was saved alive.
But, giving thanks to God, I dried my clothes,
And, faring inland, in a desert place
I stumbled on an iron ring—

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

The fellow of fifty built into the Quays :
When, scenting a trap-door,
I dug, and dug ; until my biggest blade
Stuck into wood. And then,
The flight of smooth-hewn, easygoing stairs
Sunk in the naked rock ! The cool, clean vault,
So neat with niche on niche it might have been
Our beer-cellar but for the rows
Of brazen urns (like monstrous chemist's jars)
Full to the wide, squat throats
With gold-dust, but atop
A layer of pickled-walnut-looking things
I knew for olives ! And far, O far away,
The Princess of China languished ! Far away
Was marriage, with a Vizier and a Chief
Of Eunuchs and the privilege
Of going out at night
To play—unkenned, majestic, secure—

ENTERTAINMENTS

Where the old, brown, friendly river shaped
Like Tigris shore for shore ! Haply a Ghoul
Sat in the churchyard under a frightened moon,
A thighbone in his fist, and glared
At supper with a Lady : she who took
Her rice with tweezers grain by grain.
Or you might stumble, there by the iron gates—
Of the Pump Room—underneath the limes
Upon Bedreddin in his shirt and drawers,
Just as the civil Genie laid him down.
Or those red-curtained panes,
Whence a tame cornet tenored it throatily
Of beer-pots and spittoons and new long pipes
Might turn a caravansery's, wherein
You found Nouredin Ali, loftily drunk,
And that Fair Persian, bathed in tears,
You'd not have given away
For all the diamonds in the Vale Perilous

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

You had that dark and disleaved afternoon
Escaped on a roc's claw,
Disguised like Sindbad—but in Christmas beef!
And all the blissful while
The schoolboy satchel at your hip
Was such a bulse of gems as should amaze
Gray-whiskered chapmen drawn
From over Caspian : yea, the Chief Jewellers
Of Tartary and the bazaars,
Seething with traffic, of enormous Ind !— — —

Thus cried, thus called aloud, to the child heart
The magian East : thus the child eyes
Spelled out the wizard message by the light
Of the sober workaday hours
They saw, week in week out, pass, and still pass
In the sleepy Minster City folded kind
In ancient Severn's arm,

ENTERTAINMENTS

Amongst her water-meadows and her docks
Whose floating populace of ships—
Galliot and luggers, light-heeled brigantines,
Bluff barques and rake-hell fore-and-afters—
brought

To her very doorsteps and geraniums
The scents of the World's End, the calls
That may not be gainsaid to rise and ride
Like fire on some high errand of the race,
The irresistible appeals

For comradeship that sound
Steadily from the irresistible sea.

Thus the East laughed and whispered, and the
tale,

Telling itself anew

In terms of living labouring life,
Took on the colours, busked it in the wear,
Of life that lived and laboured : and Romance,

ARABIAN NIGHTS'

The Angel-Playmate, raining down
His golden influences
On all I saw, and all I dreamed and did,
Walked with me arm and arm,
Or left me, as one bediademed with straws
And bits of glass, to gladden at my heart
Who had the gift to seek and feel and find
His fiery-hearted presence everywhere.
Even as dear Hesper, bringer of all good things,
Sends the same silver dews
Of happiness down her dim, delighted skies
On some poor collier-hamlet—(mound on mound
Of sifted squalor ; here a soot-throated stalk
Sullenly smoking over a row
Of flat-faced hovels ; black in the gritty air
A web of rails and wheels and beams ; with
strings
Of hurtling, tipping trams)—

ENTERTAINMENTS

As on the amorous nightingales
And roses of Shiraz or the walls and towers
Of Samarcand—the Ineffable—whence you espy
The splendour of Ginnistan's embattled spears
Like listed summer lightnings.

Samarcand !

That name of names ! That star-ved belvedere
Built against the Chambers of the South !
That outpost on the Infinite !

And, behold !

Questing therefrom, you knew not what wild tide
Might overtake you : for one fringe,
One suburb, is stablished on firm earth ; but one
Floats founded vague
In lubberlands delectable—ises of palm
And lotus, fortunate mains, far-shimmering seas,
The promise of wistful hills—
The shining, shifting Sovranties of Dream.

RHYMES
AND RHYTHMS

WHERE forlorn sunsets flare and fade
On desolate sea and lonely sand,
Out of the silence and the shade
What is the voice of strange command
Calling you still, as friend calls friend
With love that cannot brook delay,
To rise and follow the ways that wend
Over the hills and far away?

Hark in the city, street on street
A roaring reach of death and life,
Of vortices that clash and fleet
And ruin in appointed strife,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Hark to it calling, calling clear,
 Calling until you cannot stay
From dearer things than your own most dear
 Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of ebb and flow,
 Out of the sight of lamp and star,
It calls you where the good winds blow,
 And the unchanging meadows are:
From faded hopes and hopes a gleam,
 It calls you, calls you night and day
Beyond the dark into the dream
 Over the hills and far away.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

II

(To R. F. B.)

WE are the Choice of the Will: God, when He
gave the word

That called us into line, set in our hand a sword;

Set us a sword to wield none else could lift and
draw,

And bade us forth to the sound of the trumpet
of the Law.

East and west and north, wherever the battle
grew,

As men to a feast we fared, the work of the
Will to do.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Bent upon vast beginnings, bidding anarchy
cease—

(Had we hacked it to the Pit, we had left it a
place of peace!)—

Marching, building, sailing, pillar of cloud or fire,
Sons of the Will, we fought the fight of the Will,
our sire.

Road was never so rough that we left its purpose
dark ;

Stark was ever the sea, but our ships were yet
more stark ;

We tracked the winds of the world to the steps
of their very thrones ;

The secret parts of the world were salted with
our bones ;

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Till now the name of names, England, the name
of might,

Flames from the austral bounds to the ends of
the boreal night ;

And the call of her morning drum goes in a
girdle of sound,

Like the voice of the sun in song, the great
globe round and round ;

And the shadow of her flag, when it shouts to the
mother-breeze,

Floats from shore to shore of the universal seas ;

And the loneliest death is fair with a memory of
her flowers,

And the end of the road to Hell with the sense
of her dews and showers !

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Who says that we shall pass, or the fame of us
fade and die,

While the living stars fulfil their round in the
living sky ?

For the sire lives in his sons, and they pay their
father's debt,

And the Lion has left a whelp wherever his claw
was set :

And the Lion in his whelps, his whelps that
none shall brave,

Is but less strong than Time and the great, all-
whelming Grave.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

III

A DESOLATE shore,
The sinister seduction of the Moon,
The menace of the irreclaimable Sea.

Flaunting, tawdry and grim,
From cloud to cloud along her beat,
Leering her battered and inveterate leer,
She signals where he prowls in the dark alone,
Her horrible old man,
Mumbling old oaths and warming
His villainous old bones with villainous talk—
The secrets of their grisly housekeeping
Since they went out upon the pad

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

In the first twilight of self-conscious Time :
Growling, hideous and hoarse,
Tales of unnumbered Ships,
Goodly and strong, Companions of the Advance
In some vile alley of the night
Waylaid and bludgeoned—
Dead.

Deep cellared in primeval ooze,
Ruined, dishonoured, spoiled,
They lie where the lean water-worm
Crawls free of their secrets, and their broken
 sides
Bulge with the slime of life. Thus they abide,
Thus fouled and desecrate,
The summons of the Trumpet, and the while
These Twain, their murderers,
Unravined, imperturbable unsubdued,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Hang at the heels of their children—She aloft
As in the shining streets,
He as in ambush by some fetid stair.

The stalwart Ships,
The beautiful and bold adventurers !
Stationed out yonder in the isle,
The tall Policeman,
Flashing his bull's-eye, as he peers
About him in the ancient vacancy,
Tells them this way is safety—this way home.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

IV

It came with the threat of a waning moon
And the wail of an ebbing tide,
But many a woman has lived for less,
And many a man has died ;
For life upon life took hold and passed,
Strong in a fate set free,
Out of the deep into the dark
On for the years to be.

Between the gleam of a waning moon
And the song of an ebbing tide,
Chance upon chance of love and death
Took wing for the world so wide.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Leaf out of leaf is the way of the land,

Wave out of wave of the sea

And who shall reckon what lives may live

In the life that we bade to be?

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

v

WHY, my heart, do we love her so?

(Geraldine, Geraldine!)—

Why does the great sea ebb and flow?

Why does the round world spin?

Geraldine, Geraldine,

Bid me my life renew,

What is it worth unless I win,

Love—love and you?

Why, my heart, when we speak her name

(Geraldine, Geraldine!),

Throbs the word like a flinging flame?—

Why does the Spring begin?

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Geraldine, Geraldine,
 Bid me indeed to be,
Open your heart and take us in,
 Love—love and me.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

VI

ONE with the ruined sunset,
The strange forsaken sands,
What is it waits and wanders
And signs with desperate hands ?

What is it calls in the twilight—
Calls as its chance were vain ?
The cry of a gull sent seaward
Or the voice of an ancient pain ?

The red ghost of the sunset,
It walks them as its own,
These dreary and desolate reaches . . .
But O that it walked alone !

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

VII

There's a regret
So grinding, so immitigably sad,
Remorse thereby feels tolerant, even glad. . . .
Do you not know it yet?

For deeds undone
Rankle and snarl and hunger for their due
Till there seems naught so despicable as you
In all the grin o' the sun.

Like an old shoe
The sea spurns and the land abhors, you lie
About the beach of Time, till by-and-by
Death, that derides you too—

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Death, as he goes

His ragman's round, espies you where you stray
With half-an-eye, and kicks you out of his way ;
And then—and then, who knows

But the kind Grave

Turns on you, and you feel the convict Worm,
In that black bridewell working out his term,
Hanker and grope and crave ?

‘ Poor fool that might—

That might, yet would not, dared not, let this be,
Think of it, here and thus made over to me
In the implacable night ! ’

And writhing, fain

And like a triumphing lover, he shall take
His fill where no high memory lives to make
His obscene victory vain.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

VIII

(To A. J. H.)

TIME and the Earth—
The old Father and Mother—
Their teeming accomplished,
Their purpose fulfilled,
Close with a smile
For a moment of kindness
Ere for the winter
They settle to sleep.

Failing yet gracious,
Slow pacing, soon homing,
A patriarch that strolls
Through the tents of his children,
The Sun, as he journeys
His round on the lower

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Ascents of the blue,
Washes the roofs
And the hillsides with clarity ;
Charms the dark pools
Till they break into pictures ;
Scatters magnificent
Alms to the beggar trees ;
Touches the mist-folk
That crowd to his escort
Into translucencies
Radiant and ravishing,
As with the visible
Spirit of Summer
Gloriously vaporised,
Visioned in gold.

Love, though the fallen leaf
Mark, and the fleeting light

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

And the loud, loitering
Footfall of darkness
Sign to the heart
Of the passage of destiny,
Here is the ghost
Of a summer that lived for us,
Here is a promise
Of summers to be.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

IX

‘As like the Woman as you can’—

(Thus the New Adam was beguiled)—

‘So shall you touch the Perfect Man’—

(God in the Garden heard and smiled).

‘Your father perished with his day :

‘A clot of passions fierce and blind

‘He fought, he hacked, he crushed his way :

‘Your muscles, Child, must be of mind.

‘The Brute that lurks and irks within,

‘How, till you have him gagged and bound,

‘Escape the foulest form of Sin?’

(God in the Garden laughed and frowned).

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

‘So vile, so rank, the bestial mood

‘In which the race is bid to be,

‘It wrecks the Rarer Womanhood :

‘Live, therefore, you, for Purity !

‘Take for your mate no gallant croup,

‘No girl all grace and natural will :

‘To work her mission were to stoop

‘Maybe to lapse, from Well to Ill.

‘Choose one of whom your grosser make ’—

(*God in the Garden laughed outright*)—

‘The true refining touch may take

‘Till both attain to Life’s last height.

‘There, equal, purged of soul and sense,

‘Beneficent, high-thinking, just,

‘Beyond the appeal of Violence,

‘Incapable of common Lust,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

‘ In mental Marriage still prevail ’—
 (*God in the Garden hid His face*)—
‘ Till you achieve that Female-Male
 ‘ In Which shall culminate the race’.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

x

MIDSUMMER midnight skies,
Midsummer midnight influences and airs,
The shining sensitive silver of the sea
Touched with the strange-hued blazonings of dawn :
And all so solemnly still I seem to hear
The breathing of Life and Death,
The secular Accomplices,
Renewing the visible miracle of the world.

The wistful stars
Shine like good memories. The young morning
wind
Blows full of unforgotten hours

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

As over a region of roses. Life and Death
Sound on—sound on. . . . And the night magical,
Troubled yet comforting, thrills
As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart
Of the wood's dark wonderment
Swung wide his valves and filled the dim sea
banks

With exquisite visitants :
Words fiery-hearted yet, dreams and desires
With living looks intolerable, regrets
Whose voice comes as the voice of an only child
Heard from the grave : shapes of a Might-Have-
Been—

Beautiful, miserable, distraught—
The Law no man may baffle denied and slew.

The spell-bound ships stand as at gaze
To let the marvel by. The grey road glooms . . .

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Glimmers . . . goes out . . . and there, O there
 where it fades,
What grace, what glamour, what wild will,
Transfigure the shadows? Whose,
Heart of my heart, Soul of my soul, but yours?

Ghosts—ghosts—the sapphirine air
Teems with them even to the gleaming ends
Of the wild day-spring! Ghosts,
Everywhere—everywhere—till I and you
At last—dear love, at last!—
Are in the dreaming, even as Life and Death,
Twin-ministers of the unoriginal Will.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XI

GULLS in an aëry morrice

Gleam and vanish and gleam . . .

The full sea, sleepily basking,

Dreams under skies of dream.

Gulls in an aëry morrice

Circle and swoop and close . . .

Fuller and ever fuller

The rose of the morning blows.

Gulls in an aëry morrice

Frolicking float and fade . . .

O the way of a bird in the sunshine,

The way of a man with a maid !

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XII

SOME starlit garden grey with dew,
Some chamber flushed with wine and fire,
What matters where, so I and you
Are worthy our desire ?

Behind, a past that scolds and jeers
For ungirt loin and lamp unlit ;
In front the unmanageable years,
The trap upon the Pit ;

Think on the shame of dreams for deeds,
The scandal of unnatural strife,
The slur upon immortal needs,
The treason done to life :

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Arise ! no more a living lie
And with me quicken and control
A memory that shall magnify
The universal Soul.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XIII

(To James McNeill Whistler)

UNDER a stagnant sky,
Gloom out of gloom uncoiling into gloom,
The River, jaded and forlorn,
Welters and wanders wearily—wretchedly—on ;
Yet in and out among the ribs
Of the old skeleton bridge, as in the piles
Of some dead lake-built city, full of skulls,
Worm-worn, rat-riddled, mouldy with memories,
Lingers to babble, to a broken tune
(Once, O the unvoiced music of my heart !)
So melancholy a soliloquy
It sounds as it might tell
The secret of the unending grief-in-grain,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

The terror of Time and Change and Death,
That wastes this floating, transitory world.

What of the incantation
That forced the huddled shapes on yonder shore
To take and wear the night
Like a material majesty ?
That touched the shafts of wavering fire
About this miserable welter and wash—
(River, O River of Journeys, River of Dreams !)—
Into long, shining signals from the panes
Of an enchanted pleasure-house
Where life and life might live life lost in life
For ever and evermore ?

O Death ! O Change ! O Time !
Without you, O the insufferable eyes
Of these poor Might-Have-Beens,
These fatuous, ineffectual Yesterdays !

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XIV

(To J. A. C.)

FRESH from his fastnesses
Wholesome and spacious,
The north wind, the mad huntsman,
Halloos on his white hounds
Over the grey, roaring
Reaches and ridges,
The forest of ocean,
The chace of the world.
Hark to the peal
Of the pack in full cry,
As he thongs them before him
Swarming voluminous,
Weltering, wide-wallowing,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Till in a ruining
Chaos of energy,
Hurled on their quarry,
They crash into foam !

Old Indefatigable,
Time's right-hand man, the sea
Laughs as in joy
From his millions of wrinkles :
Laughs that his destiny,
Great with the greatness
Of triumphing order,
Shows as a dwarf
By the strength of his heart
And the might of his hands.

Master of masters,
O maker of heroes,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Thunder the brave,
Irresistible message :—
‘ Life is worth living
Through every grain of it
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the cornerstone, death.’

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

xv

You played and sang a snatch of song,
A song that all-too well we knew ;
But whither had flown the ancient wrong ;
And was it really I and you ?
O since the end of life 's to live
And pay in pence the common debt,
What should it cost us to forgive
Whose daily task is to forget ?

You babbled in the well-known voice—
Not new, not new, the words you said.
You touched me off that famous poise,
That old effect, of neck and head.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Dear, was it really you and I ?

In truth the riddle 's ill to read,

So many are the deaths we die

Before we can be dead indeed.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XVI

SPACE and dread and the dark—
Over a livid stretch of sky
Cloud-monsters crawling like a funeral
train
Of huge primeval presences
Stooping beneath the weight
Of some enormous, rudimentary grief ;
While in the haunting loneliness
The far sea waits and wanders with a
sound
As of the trailing skirts of Destiny
Passing unseen

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

To some immitigable end
With her grey henchman, Death.

What larve, what spectre is this
Thrilling the wilderness to life
As with the bodily shape of Fear?
What but a desperate sense,
A strong foreboding of those dim,
Interminable continents, forlorn
And many-silenced in a dusk
Inviolable utterly and dead
As the poor dead it huddles and swarms and
 styes
In hugger-mugger through eternity?

Life—life—let there be life !
Better a thousand times the roaring hours
When wave and wind,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Like the Arch-Murderer in flight
From the Avenger at his heel,
Storm through the desolate fastnesses
And wild waste places of the world !

Life—give me life until the end,
That at the very top of being,
The battle-spirit shouting in my blood,
Out of the reddest hell of the fight
I may be snatched and flung
Into the everlasting lull,
The immortal, incommunicable dream.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XVII

CARMEN PATIBULARE

(To H. S.)

TREE, Old Tree of the Triple Crook
And the rope of the Black Election,
'Tis the faith of the Fool that a race you rule
Can never achieve perfection :
So 'It's O for the time of the new Sublime
And the better than human way
When the Wolf (poor beast) shall come to his
own
And the Rat shall have his day !'

For Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Beam
And the power of provocation,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

You have cockered the Brute with your dreadful
fruit

Till your thought is mere stupration :
And ' It's how should we rise to be pure and wise,
And how can we choose but fall,
So long as the Hangman makes us dread
And the Noose floats free for all ?'

So Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Coign
And the trick there's no recalling,
They will haggle and hew till they hack you
through
And at last they lay you sprawling :
When ' Hey ! for the hour of the race in flower
And the long good-bye to sin !'
And ' Ho ! for the fires of Hell gone out
For the want of keeping in !'

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

But Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Bough
And the ghastly Dreams that tend you,
Your growth began with the life of Man
And only his death can end you :
They may tug in line at your hempen twine,
They may flourish with axe and saw,
But your taproot drinks of the Sacred Springs
In the living rock of Law.

And Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Fork,
When the spent sun reels and blunders
Down a welkin lit with the flare of the Pit
As it seethes in spate and thunders,
Stern on the glare of the tortured air
Your lines august shall gloom,
And your master-beam be the last thing whelmed
In the ruining roar of Doom.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XVIII

(To M. E. H.)

WHEN you wake in your crib,
You, an inch of experience—
Vaulted about
With the wonder of darkness;
Wailing and striving
To reach from your feebleness
Something you feel
Will be good to and cherish you,
Something you know
And can rest upon blindly :
O then a hand
(Your mother's, your mother's !)
By the fall of its fingers

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

All knowledge, all power to you,
Out of the dreary,
Discouraging strangenesses
Comes to and masters you,
Takes you, and lovingly
Wooos you and soothes you
Back, as you cling to it,
Back to some comforting
Corner of sleep.

So you wake in your bed,
Having lived, having loved :
But the shadows are there,
And the world and its kingdoms
Incredibly faded ;
And you grope through the Terror
Above you and under
For the light, for the warmth,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

The assurance of life ;
But the blasts are ice-born,
And your heart is nigh burst
With the weight of the gloom
And the stress of your strangled
And desperate endeavour :
Sudden a hand—
Mother, O Mother !—
God at His best to you,
Out of the roaring,
Impossible silences,
Falls on and urges you,
Mightily, tenderly,
Forth, as you clutch at it,
Forth to the infinite
Peace of the Grave.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XIX

O TIME and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!—
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under :
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And, now they have looked and seen us,
O we that were dear we are all-too near
With the thick of the world between us.

O Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!—
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling:

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XX

THE shadow of Dawn ;
Stillness and stars and over-mastering dreams
Of Life and Death and Sleep ;
Heard over gleaming flats the old unchanging
 sound
Of the old unchanging Sea.

My soul and yours—
O hand in hand let us fare forth, two ghosts,
Into the ghostliness,
The infinite and abounding solitudes,
Beyond—O beyond !—beyond . . .

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Here in the porch
Upon the multitudinous silences
Of the kingdoms of the grave,
We twain are you and I—two ghosts Omnipotence
Can touch no more . . . no more !

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XXI

WHEN the wind storms by with a shout, and the
stern sea-caves

Exult in the tramp and the roar of onsetting
waves,

Then, then, it comes home to the heart that the
top of life

Is the passion that burns the blood in the act of
strife—

Till you pity the dead down there in their quiet
graves.

But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog
before,

When the rain-rot spreads and a tame sea mumbles
the shore,

H

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RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no
wrong,

Sons of the Sword heart-sick for a stave of your
sire's old song—

O you envy the blessèd dead that can live no
more!

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XXII

TREES and the menace of night ;
Then a long, lonely, leaden mere
Backed by a desolate fell
As by a spectral battlement ; and then,
Low-brooding, interpenetrating all,
A vast, grey, listless, inexpressive sky,
So beggared, so incredibly bereft
Of starlight and the song of racing worlds
It might have bellied down upon the Void
Where as in terror Light was beginning to be.

Hist ! In the trees fulfilled of night
(Night and the wretchedness of the sky)

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Is it the hurry of the rain?
Or the noise of a drive of the Dead
Streaming before the irresistible Will
Through the strange dusk of this, the
 Debateable Land
Between their place and ours?

Like the forgetfulness
Of the work-a-day world made visible,
A mist falls from the melancholy sky :
A messenger from some lost and loving
 soul,
Hopeless, far wandered, dazed
Here in the provinces of life,
A great white moth fades miserably past.

Thro' the trees in the strange dead night,
Under the vast dead sky,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Forgetting and forgot, a drift of Dead
Sets to the mystic mere, the phantom
 fell,
And the unimagined vastitudes beyond.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XXIII

(To P. A. G.)

HERE they trysted, here they strayed
In the leafage dewy and boon,
Many a man and many a maid,
And the morn was merry June :
'Death is fleet, Life is sweet,'
Sang the blackbird in the may ;
And the hour with flying feet
While they dreamed was yesterday.

Many a maid and many a man
Found the leafage close and boon ;
Many a destiny began—
O the morn was merry June.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Dead and gone, dead and gone,
 (Hark the blackbird in the may !),
Life and Death went hurrying on,
 Cheek on cheek—and where were they ?

Dust in dust engendering dust
 In the leafage fresh and boon,
Man and maid fulfil their trust—
 Still the morn turns merry June.
Mother Life, Father Death
 (O the blackbird in the may !),
Each the other's breath for breath,
 Fleet the times of the world away.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XXIV

(To A. C.)

Not to the staring Day,
For all the importunate questionings he pursues
In his big, violent voice,
Shall those mild things of bulk and multitude,
God's foresters, the Trees,
Yield of their huge unutterable selves.
Midsummer-manifold, each one
Voluminous, a labyrinth of life,
They keep their greenest musings and the dim
dreams
That haunt their leafier privacies

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Dissembled, baffling the random gapeseed still
With blank full-faces or the innocent guile
Of laughter flickering back from shine to shade,
And disappearances of homing birds,
And frolicsome freaks
Of little boughs that frisk with little boughs.

But at the word
Of the ancient, sacerdotal Night,
Night of the many secrets, whose effect—
Transfiguring, hierophantic, dread—
Themselves alone may fully apprehend,
They tremble and are changed :
In each, the uncouth individual soul
Looms forth and glooms
Essential, and, their bodily presences
Touched with inordinate significance,
Wearing the darkness like the livery

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Of some mysterious and tremendous guild,
They brood—they menace—they appal :
Or the anguish of prophecy tears them, and they
 wring
Wild hands of warning in the face
Of some inevitable advance of doom :
Or, each to the other bending, beckoning, signing,
As in some monstrous market-place,
They pass the news, these Gossips of the Prime,
In that old speech their forefathers
Learned on the lawns of Eden, ere they heard
The troubled voice of Eve
Naming the wondering folk of Paradise.

Your sense is sealed, or you should hear them tell
The tale of their dim life and all
Its compost of experience : how the Sun

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Spreads them their daily feast,
Sumptuous, of light, firing them as with wine ;
Of the old Moon's fitful solicitude
And those mild messages the Stars
Descend in silver silences and dew ;
Or what the sweet-breathing West,
Wanton with wading in the swirl of the wheat,
Said, and their leafage laughed ;
And how the wet-winged Angel of the Rain
Came whispering . . . whispering ; and the gifts
of the Year—

The sting of the stirring sap
Under the wizardry of the young-eyed Spring,
Their summer amplitudes of pomp
And rich autumnal melancholy, and the shrill,
Embittered housewifery
Of the lean Winter : all such things,
And with them all the goodness of the Master

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Whose right hand blesses with increase and
life,

Whose left hand honours with decay and death.

Thus under the constraint of Night

These gross and simple creatures,

Each in his scores of rings, which rings are years,

A servant of the Will.

And God, the Craftsman, as He walks

The floor of His workshop, hearkens, full of cheer

In thus accomplishing

The aims of His miraculous artistry.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

XXV

WHAT have I done for you,
 England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England :—
‘Take and break us : we are yours,
 ‘England, my own !
‘Life is good, and joy runs high
‘Between English earth and sky :
‘Death is death ; but we shall die
 ‘To the Song on your bugles blown,
 ‘England—
 ‘To the stars on your bugles blown !’

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own !
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England,
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

EPILOGUE

SOMETHING is dead . . .

*The grace of sunset solitudes, the march
Of the solitary moon, the pomp and power
Of round on round of shining soldier-stars
Patrolling space, the bounties of the sun—
Sovran, tremendous, inaccessible—
The multitudinous friendliness of the sea,
Possess no more—no more.*

Something is dead . . .

*The autumn rain-rot deeper and wider soaks
And spreads, the burden of winter heavier weighs,*

EPILOGUE

*His melancholy close and closer yet
Cleaves, and those incantations of the Spring
That made the heart a centre of miracles
Grow formal, and the wonder-working hours
Arise no more—no more.*

*Something is dead . . .
'Tis time to creep in close about the fire
And tell grey tales of what we were, and dream
Old dreams and faded, and as we may rejoice
In the young life that round us leaps and laughs,
A fountain in the sunshine, in the pride
Of God's best gift that to us twain returns,
Dear Heart, no more—no more.*



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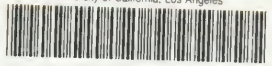
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